

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

District Red Cross Motor Corps Doing Good Work

WASHINGTON.—Since the installation of the special telephone connection with the war department as many as 15 calls a day have been answered by the Red Cross motor corps of the District of Columbia. The District chapter of the Red Cross motor corps has been in existence since the United States entered the war. Mrs. J. Borden Harman is the colonel commanding.



The work of the corps falls, roughly, into two general divisions—ambulance work and transport service. Calls for transport service range from those for national headquarters, the Potomac division, and the District chapter to those for the civilian relief workers on their errands of mercy, oftentimes far into the country, or to calls for the taking of convalescent soldiers at Walter Reed hospital out for airings. Four cars are detailed each day for the service of the canteen workers.

Recently a troop train was getting up steam outside a canteen. One soldier had spent his entire rest time trying to get Philadelphia on the telephone. Just as he obtained the connection the sergeant announced that it was time to go aboard. The lad was distressed, and the ever-present motor woman came to his rescue with, "Can't I give the message for you?"

"Sure," said the soldier. "My name is John Smith, and I want her to marry me before I sail."

The unusual proposal was made in great haste by the Red Cross worker. The girl in Philadelphia declined, as far as the wedding was concerned, but agreed to meet her hero before he sailed. The motor woman rushed to the side of the train, by that time in motion, and delivered the message to the man, who, leaning far out of the window, yelled back "Thank you miss, and don't worry; she'll marry me all right when she sees me in uniform."

Proof That One Can Be Mistaken in Judgment

SHE was pink and white and a trifle coarse like a pork chop. Her fair, fat and fortiness was harnessed into whatever contraption it is that women use to compress their too, too solid etcetera into the state of mind they call svelte, and she was dressed in all-over embroidery and a rose sweater ten years too young for her—or, to be entirely fair, make it nine.

And anybody with half an eye could tell that she was longing for the time to come to get home and put on something loose.

With her was a woman as plain as a bar of soap, who was saying this—allowing for the drawbacks of one who had to listen from behind:

"I wouldn't think of paying such prices as cooks are asking these days of food cost, so we broke up and went to boarding."

The soap woman ended her experience with the complacency of one who has satisfactorily solved a country-wide problem. But the woman who wasn't a fine bird for all her foolish-fine feathers held a different view.

"That's all right, if your husband likes boarding, but Jim couldn't live anywhere except in his own home. And the way I look at it, I ought to keep house in turn for all he does for me, especially as he thought enough of me to put the deed in my name. I do every stitch of my own work, and it's got so now I wouldn't know what to do with a girl in my kitchen."

"And you do all the work in that big house? Then what are you doing all added up this time of day? I should think you would be home getting dinner."

"Thursday is my day out the same as other cooks. I always meet Jim after office and we go to a cafe for dinner and the movies afterward. And I have to be rigged out in my best, because he likes his friends to see how nice he can dress me."

And if you had been walking behind you would have felt cheap for misjudging a pork chop for trying to look like a bird in fine feathers. It is so easy to find fault. Any mean-souled thing can do it.

Just What Made Shabby Woman "Look Different"

A WOMAN was crossing the cobblestones of a street downtown. It was a street broken out in a rash of junk shops and clamorously chatty with foreign tongues. The woman, herself, had the saffron skin and glazed black hair of another land than ours. Her shabby frock was sadder enough for chief mourning, except for its vivid flower on her breast—a red rag of a rose—and her head was Madonna-covered with a rusty lace shawl full of holes.

The traditional thousand of women might have crossed the street without attracting notice. This one was an exception. And it is the exception that counts.

For one thing, she caught the excited interest of a couple of obvious residents on the heights of Vanity Fair, who must have been cross-cutting to get somewhere to account for their being so far from home. Both ejaculated at sight of the foreign woman, and the one who was in white china silk made open confession to the one who was in pale blue georgette.

"If I could look like that I'd spend the balance of my days in black satin and rusty lace. Must be the red flower that makes her look so different—got a picturesque walk, too."

But it was the shawl that put the saffron-faced one in a class to herself, for:

In the mantilla of the woman's country is folded the romantic history of Spain. The mystery of its grace cannot be learned from a fashion page. It must be taught in Spain.

And, by way of a first lesson, one must be born there.

Official's Office Boy Just a Mite Too Truthful

HE IS such a hard-working soldier that the following story will serve to emphasize the many hours a day he puts in on his job. For Major Dan Donovan, director of the draft in the District, has made the sky his limit when it comes to working on the job of putting local registrants into camp. Day and night he may be found at work—early in the mornin' sending men to Camp Meade—late o' night inducting them into the service.

But one morning last week he must have overslept himself, because he failed to show up at the office as early as usual.

Now, there is in the office a boy—a bright-faced, truthful boy.

Truth is one of the finest things a boy can tie to, all agree in saying. A boy should be truthful. Still, when a boy is a sort of confidential messenger to a major, he ought to use—or, tact. After this particular boy has been working some months longer than he now has weeks he will learn to say: "No, sir; the major is in a conference," or "No, sir; the major isn't here right now—he has just stepped out of the office." He won't do as he did that other morning, when someone called up on the telephone and asked for the major.

The bright-faced boy picked up the phone.

"Hello?" he called.

"Is Major Donovan there?"

"No, sir," replied the truthful boy. "Major Donovan hasn't come to work yet."

Air Raiders Fear Big Searchlights

Alies Find Powerful and Far-
Reaching Illumination an Im-
portant Factor.

USEFUL IN SPOTTING TANKS

Pick Up Hun Bombing Planes at a
Distance and Keep Them Con-
stantly in View—Equipped
With Sound Detectors

New York.—Last fall, when the Austrians were driving the Italian soldiers from their hard-won mountain fortresses, the defeated army had one weapon which it constantly used to harass and impede the foe. This was the electric searchlight, a newcomer on the field of battle.

Powerful lights were trained every night upon the advancing Austrians whenever they came to a river crossing, or whenever they were obliged to halt for another reason. This hampered and irritated the enemy exceedingly. It was not only that serious danger attended any disclosure of their operations. They suffered also from nerves when the long feelers of light brushed over their faces and hands and revealed every detail of the work upon which they were engaged.

The use of searchlights by our own expeditionary forces is becoming an important branch of the engineering service. Not long ago congress voted an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for searchlights of both the field type and the anti-aircraft type. The lights commonly used are 36-inch lights, having a candlepower of 1,000,000,000, and a maximum range of approximately 10,000 yards, or nearly six miles.

First Use in Warfare

When searchlights were first introduced in warfare it was expected that they would be primarily serviceable in battlefield illumination. The scheme was to throw light upon the opposing battle line and show advancing companies of infantry the kind of ground over which they had to go. Another plan was to have rows of searchlights parallel with the trenches and sweep the terrain before them, lighting up the barbed-wire entanglements laid by the foe and exposing parties of enemy soldiers at work repairing them. However, neither of these uses turned out to be especially significant. The difficulty was that, as soon as the lights were in operation, they were easily picked off by the enemy's guns. In the same manner, they could not be placed along the line of trenches.

More recent experiments have demonstrated that there is a real usefulness for field searchlights. They are now being employed to spot the enemy's tank advances. Instead of being hauled by horses, like the first field searchlights, the newer ones are mounted on motor trucks. They are flashed for only a minute or two at a time, and are instantly shifted to another vantage point. This affords them a greater measure of self-protection.

The anti-aircraft searchlight is the most valuable type of light now used by our soldiers. It is our most effective defense against the low-flying night-bombing plane of the Germans. Anti-aircraft guns have proved almost hopelessly inadequate in coping with night air raids, and if it were not for the long pointing fingers of the searchlight the foe would be able to effect some very deadly work in night attacks upon supply depots and ammunition dumps.

The method is to pick up a hostile bombing plane when it is about five miles away from its objective. For this purpose the searchlights are located at points likely to be attacked. They are sunk in holes in the ground and are heavily sandbagged. Both the light and the men working it are given considerable protection.

Fitted With Sound Receivers. To detect the approach of airplanes the searchlight apparatus is furnished with sound receivers. Without these receivers the outfit is practically useless. The receiver can be swung around to catch the sound vibrations, and they are remarkably accurate in

discovering the position of the plane. Usually it can be located within a few degrees. The light is not turned on at all until the airplane is practically located. Then it is suddenly flashed on the craft. Once a bombing plane is found it is hard for it to get away from the inexorable pencil of light. Bombing planes are not like battle planes; they must fly in comparatively straight lines and are not free to twist and turn so as to wriggle out of range of the light.

The first thing an aviator does when he finds himself in the spotlight is to rise. That is just what the operator of the searchlight wants him to do. The higher he goes the less accurate his aim becomes and the smaller grows the chance that he can hurt his bombs at a desired point. Furthermore, he is dazzled by the light and his sense of security is completely destroyed. Some-

CHAMPION JONAH MAN OF AMERICA IS CLAIM

Los Angeles.—R. D. Jacobs of Los Angeles says he is the champion Jonah man of America.

Here's why: While instructing his wife in the use of a revolver Mrs. Jacobs accidentally shot her husband in the shoulder. While Jacobs was receiving treatment, burglars entered the home and stripped the place.

"The darned old thieves," wailed Jacobs, "took everything of value except the revolver which caused all the trouble. Can you beat it?"

times he can be found out by one of the anti-aircraft guns, or pursued by one of our own airplanes. Even if the searchlight crew does nothing more than to frighten an airman and drive him away it has performed a defensive act which may save quantities of stores and ammunition, to say nothing of lives.

BRITISH TANKS MOVING TO THE FRONT



This official British photograph shows some British tanks moving up to the battle line to meet a German advance.

Huns Didn't Get Grain of Ukraine

Washington.—Amid the many easy triumphs which enabled the Teutons this year to slice great sections from the map of Russia, like coupons from a bond, Germany and Austria both suffered one frightful disappointment. And the pang was in the weakest part of their political anatomy—the collective stomach of their peoples.

The grain of which the two kaisers expected to plunder the Ukraine was not there—at least there was so little of it that Germany had to lower her bread ration, while Austria continued to starve a bit more rapidly. The supplies had been burned.

These fires were lighted, with a kind of poetic justice, by the remnants of the Czechoslovak army—deserters from the Austrian ranks and inveterate enemies of the Hapsburgs, who had been reconstituted into Russian military units under the Kerensky regime and fought so splendidly for Russia before the whole nation collapsed from the gnawing of the bolsheviks.

Fortunate for the Allies.

Until March of this year this Czechoslovak army had been stationed in the Ukraine—50,000 men in line and 50,000 more in reserve. Then bolshevik representatives dissolved their organization and took away their arms, though about 20,000 refused to part with their weapons. They were given promises that they would be allowed to leave Russia for the United States, but, of course, no means of transportation were provided. And so they remained where they were.

It was fortunate for the allies that they did. As soon as they realized that Germany's chief objective in Russia was the Ukrainian grain supply they began a systematic campaign of pillage and burning, in which they were assisted by the peasants themselves, aroused at the thought that the old landowners were to return under German protection.

The evidence that the Czechoslovaks were successful is incontestable. Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian prime minister until his little exchange of pleasantries with M. Clemenceau, placed the responsibility for the bare Ukrainian cupboard on the shoulders of the Czechoslovaks. German representatives in the Austrian reichsrath repeated the charge in greater details. A Magyar deputy in the Hungarian parliament recently declared that the Czechoslovak army in Ukraine had burned or taken away everything of value.

Had Their Revenge.

Not only did they destroy what they could, but they fought bitterly to prevent the Teutons taking what was left. Retiring and hampered by their lack of equipment, they stopped to meet the advancing Germans repeatedly in the field.

Certainly in Ukraine the Czechoslovaks have had their revenge for three centuries of suffocation and oppression in Bohemia. But throughout the war they have launched shattering blows against their Austrian and German enemies and the whole idea of Mittel Europa.

LADY STEVEDORES ON JOB

Three of Them Are Fired for Cussing
—Others Are Giving Valuable Service.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sixteen women in overalls are wrestling daily with 182-pound bags of coffee and hundred-weights of sugar, working side by side with muscular men long used to this hard job. They are the new lady stevedores hired by the New York Dock company.

There would be 19 of these female dock wallpapers were it not for the fact that three of the number engaged were fired on account of their cussing.

Among the present 16 are an author, a former vaudeville star, several widows, and two negro women. Their hours are 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. five days a week. They are getting 82½ cents an hour, the rate paid to men.

H. B. Whipple, general manager, predicts a bright future for all women similarly engaged, though he really had no notion the scheme would work as well as it has.

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting
Her Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headache. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt better and my troubles ceased by that week-necessar a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. J. A. Romano, 629 Knapp St., N. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headache, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. E. Pinkham's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headache, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. E. Pinkham's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, heals Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 218 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Use Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

All Druggists, Soap & Ointment Co. & Dr. T. J. Langan, N. Y. Sample each free of "Cuticura" Soap & Ointment.

PATENTS

Watson H. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Reasonable. Highest references. Satisfaction.

ASK YOUR WIFE ABOUT THIS

She is Very Likely to Tell You That Little Sammy Squiffins Was Pretty Nearly Correct.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the class in mental arithmetic, "work this problem: A man enters a grocery store and purchases, at the prices which I have marked here on the blackboard, one peck of potatoes, three and a half pounds of butter, one and three-quarters pounds of sugar, 48 eggs, a pound and a quarter of cheese, three quarts of strawberries, five pounds of beans and two dozen oranges. He orders them delivered to his home and tenders the clerk a twenty-dollar bill. What has he left?"

(Pause of one-eighth of a second until Sammy Squiffins, the brightest little lightning calculator of the class, can raise his hand.)

"Well, Sammy, you may answer. What does the man have left?"

"Car fare," says Sammy, who has heard father discuss the high cost of living.

Grove's Baby Bowel Medicine aids Digestion, relieves Sour Stomach, Discomfort and Flux. It is just as effective for Adults as for Children. Perfectly harmless.

Frugal Swain.

There was just a little hesitation on the girl's part whether the engagement should be announced at once.

"Let it be now," her lover pleaded, "and help me to save the luxury tax on the ring."—London Tit-Bit.

IT'S A LONG TALK BUT ALL CUT IT SHORT

MOCO MONKEY GRIP IS THE WORLD'S BEST TIRE PATCH!



The dealer who has achieved his success does not waste his time, energy and money trying to sell unknown goods. He knows that cheap goods are a speculation, pure and simple, and he and his customers. He is not willing to put himself in the class with the cheap goods that are sold at a loss. He is a dealer on a steady, constant basis. Moco Monkey Grip is the one tire patch, the one that is universally known and is standard. This tire patch has been tested by hundreds of men and pronounced perfect in performance. It withstands the frictional heat generated under any conditions of service. The dealer does not handle, order, or ship paid if money accompanies order. Write in two size squares only. 10 square inches 10c, 10 square inches 10c.

Manufactured only by the Moco Laboratories, Inc., Oklahoma City, Okla.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 57-1916